

The Musical World.

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UNDER THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCESSES AND PRINCES OF THE
ROYAL FAMILY,

The Most Worshipful the Grand Master of Ireland,
His Grace the DUKE of LEINSTER,

And Several other Distinguished Freemasons;

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The LORD BISHOP of MANCHESTER,

The Right Worshipful the MAYOR of MANCHESTER,

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University of Oxford.
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For Prospective, apply direct to the Royal College of Music, Bridge-street, Manchester. Dr. MARK is also open to Engagements with his Little Men.

ST. JAMES'S HALL MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

ENGLISH NIGHT.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 25th,

To commence at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUINTET in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and double bass G. A. Macfarren.

Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Wieniawski and Ries, Signor Piatti, and Mr. —

DUET, "Come, let us be gone" Henry Smart.

Miss Theresa Jefferys and Miss Palmer.

SONG, "Ah! non lasciarmi, no" G. A. Macfarren.

Mr. Sims Reeves.

SONATA in A major, pianoforte Pinto.

Mr. Charles Hallé.

DUET, "Two merry Gipsies are we" G. A. Macfarren.

Miss Theresa Jefferys and Miss Palmer.

SONG, "Swifter far than Summer's flight" J. W. Davison.

Miss Palmer.

GLEE, "Blow, gentle gales" Bishop.

PART II.

QUARTET, in D major (No. 6), for two violins, tenor, and violoncello E. J. Loder.

Mr. Wieniawski, Ries, Schreurs, and Signor Piatti.

SONG, "Oh, pleasant days of sunshine" H. Glover.

Miss Theresa Jefferys.

SONG, "It was a young Knight Troubadour" J. Barnett.

Mr. Sims Reeves.

TRIO for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello W. S. Bonnett.

Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Wieniawski, and Signor Piatti.

BACCHANALIAN SONG, "Down, down with the

sortowys" Henry Smart.

M. THOMAS.

DUET, "Trust her not" M. W. Balfe.

Miss Theresa Jefferys, and Miss Palmer.

GLEE, "The chough and crow" Bishop.

CONDUCTOR—MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.

Sofa stalls, 5s.; reserved seats, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s. May be obtained at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Mr. Turner, 19, Poultry; Hammouds; Cramer and Co.'s; Schott and Co., Regent-street; H. Brooks's Newspaper and Concert Ticket Office, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Ewer and Co., 396, Oxford-street; Leader; Olivier; Campbell; and Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.—
HERR JOACHIM begs to announce that he will give THREE CONCERTS for the performance of BEETHOVEN'S QUARTETS, including his Posthumous Works, on the following evenings.—Wednesday evening, May 4th, Wednesday evening, May 18th, Wednesday evening, May 25th, to commence at eight o'clock. 1st Violin, Herr Joachim; 2nd Violin, Herr Ries; Viola, Mr. Doyle; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. For full particulars, see Programmes. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, or £1 1s. for the series; unreserved seats, 5s. each, or 10s. 6d. for the series. Tickets to be obtained of all the Musicians; of Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

HERR S. LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that he will give the last of his THREE MATINEES, for Classical Pianoforte Music, on Monday, May 2nd. Vocalists: Miss Mahlah Homer, Miss Gerard, Madlle. de Villars, Mons. Dupret, and Herr Harold Telefesen. Instrumentalists: Mr. Remenyi, Herr C. Deichman, Herr G. Goffrie, Mons. Paque, Mons. Schmidt, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Mons. Schreurs, and Herr Leh Meyer. Subscriptions for the three Matinees, £1 1s.; Single Ticket, 10s. 6d. To be had at Hammond's, 21, Regent-street, and of Herr Leh Meyer, 19, Arundel-street, Coventry-street, W.

THE ENGLISH GLEE & MADRIGAL UNION.—

Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Foster, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Thomas, have the honour to announce a Series of MORNING CONCERTS during the months of May and June. Further particulars will be duly advertised. All communications relative to engagements, in town or country, to be addressed Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD

Begs to announce

THREE PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC.

AT

ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY,
VIZ.,

TWO SOIREES,

FRIDAY, MAY 27, FRIDAY, JUNE 3,
and, by particular request,

A MATINEE

ON

SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST SOIREE (MAY 27).

QUARTET in E flat, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello .. Mozart.
 SONATA in F sharp major, pianoforte solus (Op. 78) .. Beethoven.
 RECUEIL des Airs Variés, Nos. 2 and 3, Book 2 (Op. 71). .. Dussek.
 (The first time in England.)

PART II.

SONATA in E major (Op. 5) Mendelssohn.
 (First time in public.)

TRIO in B flat, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello .. Schubert.

EXECUTANTS:

VIOLIN.—M. Sainton.

VIOLA.—Mr. Doyle.

VIOLONCELLO.—Sig. Patti.

PIANOFORTE.—Miss Arabella Goddard.

Particulars of the SECOND SOIREE, June 3, and the MATINEE, June 18, will
be duly announced.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, or £1 1s. for the three concerts; unreserved seats,
(area or balcony), 6s.; gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Miss Goddard,
47, Welbeck-street; or at all the principal music-sellers, at the ticket-office of the
hall, 28, Piccadilly; or at Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s 48, Cheapside; and at
Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street.

M R. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINA EVERY NIGHT,
at 8. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Stalls can be
taken from the plan at the New Chinese box office daily, from 11 to 5, 3s.; area,
2s.; gallery, 1s. Price 1d., "To China and Back," by Albert Smith, forwarded
from the Egyptian Hall, for seven stamps.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN A, No. 7, at the FOURTH CONCERT at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 11th. Spohr's Violin Concerto in E minor, No. 7; Horsley's Overture to "Joseph," and Auber's Overture to "Masaniello." Violinist, Herr Joachim; Vocalists, Mad. Lemmens, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Tickets at 7s., and 10s. 6d., and all particulars relative to the admission of Associates, of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street.—N.B. A CONVERSAZIONE of the Members on Thursday evening, May 26th, at St. James's Hall.
CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.,
36, Baker-street, Portman-square.

M R. H. BLAGROVE'S EVENING QUARTET CONCERT, at Hanover Rooms, Thursday, May 5, at eight o'clock. Quartets, Rubinstein and Mendelssohn; Quintet, Spohr; Solo violin, "Ottello," Ernst. Vocalists, Miss Banks, and Mrs. Lockey; Violins, Messrs. H. Blagrove, and C. Isaac; Violas, Messrs. R. Blagrove, and Clementi; Violoncello, Mr. Aylward; Accompanist, Mr. Cusing. Tickets 7s., and 10s., at the music warehouses, and Mr. Blagrove's residence, 151, Great Portland-street, W.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to inform his friends and the public, that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the above hall, Monday, May 2d, supported by the following distinguished artists:—Miss Louisa Vining, Miss Lascelles, Miss Julia Bladen, Misses Mc Alpine, Miss Kate O'More, Miss Viollette Allen, and Miss Stabbach; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Thomas, Mr. J. W. Morgan, and Mr. J. L. Hatton, Flute; Mr. Richardson, and his pupil Master Drew Dean; Violin, M. Remondy; Piano, Mr. Langton Williams, Conductors, Mr. J. L. Hatton and Herr Wilhelm Gauz. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MISS PALMER begs to acquaint her friends and the public, that she will give her FIRST CONCERT on Wednesday, June 1, at 8 o'clock. Stalls, 5s.; gallery, 2s. 6d.; area, 1s. Of the music-sellers, and at St. Martin's Hall.

MADILLE THOMSON (Premier prise du Conservatoire et du Grand-Opéra de Paris) begs to announce that she has made arrangements to be in London during the months of May, June, and July. Terms, &c., for Concerts and Soirées, may be known by letters addressed to her residence, 17, Faubourg Montmartre, Paris.

MADILLE JENNY BAUR begs to announce her arrival in London on the 1st of May. 20, Blenheim-road, St. John's Wood.

MISS BANKS begs leave to announce her REMOVAL to 70, Great Portland-street, Oxford-street, W.

M R. J. G. PATEY (basso profondo) begs to announce that he is in town for the season, and respectfully to request that all communications be forwarded direct to his address, 35, Somerset-street, Portman-square.

A YOUNG LADY, Student of the Royal Academy, has part of her time unoccupied, which she is willing to devote to the instruction of pupils in Pianoforte or Singing. Address for Terms, 52, Portman-place, Maida-hill.

TO MUSIC-SELLERS.—A Business to be disposed of in one of the principal towns in the West of England, the position the best in the city; capable of doing any amount of business. Premium £250; stock, if required, taken at a fair valuation. For particulars, address A. B., office of this paper.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, an Old-established Pianoforte and Music Warehouse, in one of the principal towns in the North of England, including a good tuning connection and several agencies, affording a very eligible opportunity for a professional gentleman, the present proprietor (a professor of music) removing to London. For particulars, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

VIOLONCELLO, a perfect curiosity for tone, great age and high state of preservation. The inscription, as follows, may be seen on the inside of it, "Hieronymus Amatus Cremonensis Nicolai Filius. 1669." A former owner refused £150, but he being deceased it is open to any reasonable offer. Inquire per letter, addressed Z, Mr. Fisher's, Hairdresser, 149, Leadenhall-street, City.

TO BE SOLD, a fine old Piccini Tenore. To be seen at 24, Holles-street.

CREMONA INSTRUMENTS.—For sale, two Violins and a Tenor, by Amati, late the property of a professional gentleman deceased. Very moderate prices only required. On view, at Rudall, Rose, Carte, and Co., 20, Charing-cross.

WANTED, a good Pianoforte Case Maker.—Apply to Y. Z., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Musical World Office.

"**I** WILL RECEIVE THE CUP OF SALVATION," Anthem, composed expressly for, and sung on, the occasion of the confirmation of Her Royal Highness The Princess Alice, by W. G. CUSHINS, Organist of Her Majesty's Private Chapels, &c., &c. Price 2s. 6d., Chorus Parts 3d. per page. London: Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

FOR FASHIONS in PETTICOATS, ladies should visit WILLIAM CARTER'S WHOLESALE and RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT. Ladies' French Muslin, Lace, and Steel Jupons, 3s. 9d. to 16s. 6d. Ladies' Crinoline Watch-spring Petticoats, 4s. 9d. to 21s. Ladies' Quilted Lustre and Saltair Petticoats 6s. 9d. to 25s. Address, William Carter, 22, Ludgate-street, St. Paul's, London.

LADIES, why give such HIGH PRICES for your STAY BODICES, when you can obtain a single pair at the wholesale price, direct from the Manufactury, and the choice of fifty different sorts, at the undermentioned prices:—Patent Front-fastening Coutil Bodices, 2s. 11d. to 10s. 6d. Paris Wove Stays (any size required), 3s. 11d. to 14s. 6d. Ladies' Family and Nursing Stays, 8s. 6d. to 21s. The Self-adjusting Victoria Royal Stay, 10s. 6d. to 25s. Engravings of the above, or who'sale lists, free. Address, William Carter, 22, Ludgate-street, St. Paul's. Manufactory, No. 7, Newington-causeway, London.

SCARBRO' SPA SALOON PROMENADE.

THE CLIFF BRIDGE COMPANY are prepared to receive Tenders for the supply of an efficient Band for the ensuing season. The terms of the engagement may be had on application to the Secretary, to whom sealed tenders must be sent on or before the 1st of May next.

The spacious new Music Hall, erected from the design of Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., the interior of which has been decorated under the able superintendence of Mr. John Crace, Wigmore-street, London, will be ready for use on the 1st of June next, and may be engaged for concerts, readings, or other amusements during the season, by the week, month, or otherwise, as may be agreed upon. The tenders for the band may include offers for the use of the Music Hall, if thought desirable.

By Order,
SCARBRO', 19th April, 1859.

ROBERT WARD, Secretary.

R. S. PRATTEN'S New Fantasia for the Flute, on subjects from "Marte," 5s.; his Valse Brillante, 5s.; Mazurka élégante, 3s.; Andante and rondo (à la polka), 3s., with pianoforte accompaniment. Also Madam Pratten's publications for the guitar, consisting of 60 songs, 31 pieces, including her arrangement of Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise." May be had of Mr. R. S. Pratten, at his residence, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

REVIEWS.

IT is of no use complaining. The table, chairs, and sofa are covered—even the carpet and hearth-rug are strewed—with “new music” of all sorts, and “new editions” of old, the number whereof is as the hosts of Xerxes. Could *The Musical World* be, as it were, a “Thermopylae,” and the reviewer, as it were, a “Leonidas,” the progress of some legions of these “Getae” might be arrested; but that is scarcely in the nature of things just now.

Tam O’Shanter’s Galop—for the pianoforte, by T. H. Allwood (Wood and Co., Edinburgh)—may pass, as not likely to eclipse the *cantata* of Mr. Howard Glover on the one hand, or to injure the reputation of the ploughman-poet on the other. Indeed, it is quite harmless, whether contemplated as a galop or as a salamander.

Book 34 of *Orpheus*—(Ewer and Co.)—comprises the following vocal quartets for mixed voices, the composition of Herr Franz Abt:—“How can a bird help singing?” “In Spring-time,” “The Rover’s Joy,” “Evening Song,” and “The Flower’s Review” (Nos. 42 to 46). All these are pretty and well written, if never very original, and occasionally a little insipid. Mendelssohn did much to raise the character of the *Liedertafel* of his country; but, since his death, it has fallen again into a sort of trifling which robs it of all importance, either as an art-manifestation or as a moral influence. Herr Abt is one of the pleasantest of the present race of German table-song composers, but he is too habitually insignificant, and his songs are too frequently dilutions of Weber and Spohr, with now and then a progression of melody or harmony, to show that Mendelssohn also has made a certain impression. From among the five short vocal quartets contained in the present issue of Messrs. Ewer’s rich and valuable publication, the second (*Orpheus* No. 43)—“In Spring-time”—may be pointed to as a highly favourable example of Herr Abt’s part-writing, and the third (No. 45)—“Evening Song”—of his expression. There is no such thing as *development* in any of them.

Un Doux Souvenir—pour le piano, par Franz Abt (Ewer and Co.)—shows the man of the *Liedertafel* in an equally placid and unpretending light at the pianoforte. This *Doux Souvenir* is certainly *doux*—but, if Herr Abt were to offer to write one or two more for our own special gratification, we should feel inclined to say, not so much *doux* (“do”) as “don’t.”

We walk by faith and not by sight—words by the Lord Bishop of Antigua, music by W. C. F. Robinson (Rudall, Rose, Carte, and Co.)—was favourably noticed some time since; as were also Herr Wilhem Schulthes’s “*Augusta*”—*mélodie expressive pour le piano* (Ewer and Co.); Mr. Vincent Wallace’s “*Graziella*”—*nocturne* (Cocks and Co.); and the same composer’s “*Robin Adair*”—*impromptu de concert*, composed for and performed by Miss Arabella Goddard (Cocks and Co.). We have, therefore, merely to thank the publishers for second copies, in earnest expectation of further favours. In “*My Love is like a red, red Rose*,” and “*Come o’er the stream, Charlie*”—transcribed for the pianoforte, by W. Vincent Wallace (Cocks and Co.)—the accomplished musician has dressed up two pretty melodies with his accustomed skill, and at the same time produced a *morceau* so much easier than some of its immediate predecessors, that far less agile fingers than those of Miss Arabella Goddard may execute it with comparative effect.

Of Three Songs for a single voice, with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by Franz Abt—“Love comes like a thief”

(*Die Liebe kommt wie die Diebe*”), “*Thy Heart*” (“*Dein Herz*”), Op. 149; and “*Reflection*” (“*Abschied*”), Op. 153 (Ewer and Co.)—by many degrees the best, notwithstanding its Spohrish tint, is the last. Among the numerous *Lieder* contributed by Herr Abt to the vocal repertory of the drawing-room, indeed, his “*Abschied*” has hardly been surpassed in the quality of expression. At the same time, not a trace of originality—individuality is, perhaps, a fitter word—will be found in this or either of its companions. Herr Abt, in short, is a *bona-fide* music-maker, rather than music-thinker.

Persian Serenade—for the pianoforte, composed by E. Silas, Op. 44 (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell)—is scarcely made more intelligible by a suggestion, at the top of the first page, that it may be accepted as “*Kurroglou’s Improvisation to Parizadda*,” or by the following motto, which precedes the piece:—

“A hero ought to thirst for some higher object. He must die, but his name remains after him. Listen to Kurroglou’s words—‘I came here to seize Parizadda and to elope with her—’”

or by the subjoined, which is printed at the foot of the last page:—

“Kurroglou (the Bandit Minstrel of Northern Persia), a Turkman-Tuka and a native of Northern Khorasan, lived in the second half of the seventeenth century. He rendered his name famous by plundering the caravans on the great commercial road from Persia to Turkey, between the cities of Khoi and Erzerum, and still more so by his poetical improvisations.”

Had we been supplied with none of these aids to interpretation we should have adopted the conclusion that the *Persian Serenade* (Op. 44) of Mynheer Silas was scarcely worthy his reputation as a composer. Nevertheless, as there is no doubt some occult meaning, some esoteric signification, some quasi-Eleusynian mystery connected with the effusion, we lay down the critical pen, and take off our *bonnet de coton* in deference.

“*Hope*”—duet, for two soprano voices, composed by J. Dürrner (R. Mills)—is, like all that Herr Dürrner produces, the work of a musician of taste and refinement. Without any pretence at elaboration, it is neither more nor less than an elegant and melodious chamber-duet, calculated to afford equal satisfaction to those who sing and those who hear it sung. “*Spring Time*”—duet for two soprano voices, by the same composer (R. Mills)—is also a pleasing and well-written bagatelle.

A shower of Abts! *Orpheus*, Book 36 (Ewer and Co.), contains yet other “five vocal quartets,” the most attractive of which are, “*O Fatherland*” (No. 49), and the “*Thuringian Volkslied*” (No. 51). “*Merry May*” (No. 50), has a tenor, and “*Evening*” (No. 53), a bass solo; but neither these, nor “*Farewell, thou lovely forest-glade*” (No. 52), are remarkable for any salient characteristic.

In a “transcription” (that is now the accepted word) of “*Ah non giunge*,” and a piece entitled “*Polka des Demoiselles*”—for the pianoforte (Cramer, Beale and Chappell),—M. René Favarger adheres to the crinoline style of drawing-room music in which he is most at home. Tear away the thin covering of gauze, however, and you see nothing but bones and ribs. M. Favarger has one great recommendation—viz., that he never ventures out of his depth, so that he incurs no risk of being carried away by the stream of melody, or engulfed in the waves of harmony, and needs nor corks nor life-preserver.

Herr Polydore de Vos may be regarded as elder brother of M. René Favarger. His music is generally a little more difficult, and invariably quite as insipid. Before us lie

Ops. "52" and "53" of this popular composer for the (nursery) pianoforte. In "*L'Addio*,"—*mélodie-réverie* (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—Herr Polydore dresses up a well-known *Lied* of Schubert in such a manner as to suit the taste of the namby-pamby young misses for whose especial benefit he lights his nocturnal lamp, and concocts those effusions which are among the *phenomena* of the age. In "*Krieger's Heimkehr*"—*morceau de salon, pour piano* (Cramer, Beale and Co.)—Herr Polydore trusts to his own unassisted fancy, and is not quite so captivating. Herr Polydore—like Herr René, his most brilliant rival and contemporary—may be classed among the *libitinarii* of the musical calling.

"*Il Trovatore*," "*La Favorita*," "*Guillaume Tell*," and "*Martha*"—*grandes fantaisies brillantes pour le piano* (Ops. 28, 29, 30, and 45), by Adolphe Schloesser (Wessel and Co.)—are noticeable because much cleverer, and displaying far better taste, to say nothing of a greater amount of musical knowledge, than the majority of such things manufactured at the present time; having paid which well-merited tribute to their composer, we take leave both of him and of them. In "*La Garde Monte*" *marche brillante* (Op. 40); "*Bellona*," *grande marche triomphale* (Op. 43); and "*Carmagnola*," *morceau de salon* (Op. 44)—*pour le piano* (Wessel and Co.)—we greatly prefer Herr Schloesser; for, though his themes may not be comparable in beauty and freshness to those of Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, or even Flotow, he can at least claim them, such as they are, as his own. Add to this the musicianly skill which is apparent in these, as in his operatic *fantasias*, and it will be at once understood that Herr Schloesser's original compositions possess a more intrinsic value than his *rifaccimenti* constructed upon the materials of others.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

VOCAL.—"Moore's Irish Melodies" (Longman and Co.), parts 9, 10—"Song of hope"—Alfred Gilbert. "Twa sweet e'en"—Walter Macfarren. "You ask me for a token"—M. Enderssohn. "The smile that stole my heart away"—M. Enderssohn. "Autumn," No. 3 of "The season songs"—Joseph Robinson. "The broken flower"—Joseph Barnby. "Four chords"—W. L. Rushton. "He has come! the Christ of God"—J. Durrner. "The Pilgrim's wants"—Mrs. James Crawford. "Let sinners say'd give thanks and sing"—H. E. Dibdin. "I will lift up mine eyes"—Joseph Barnby. "Have mercy upon me"—Joseph Barnby.

PIANOFORTE.—"Andante and Rondo alla Bravura"—J. Lea Summers. "Twenty-four Scotch Melodies"—J. R. Dewar. "Dirge and Funeral March for the good and brave Havelock"—H. E. Dibdin. "The Panic Polka"—William Miller, Jun. "She shines before me like a star"—J. B. Turner. "Three compositions"—J. Derfelli. "Three compositions," second set—J. Derfelli. "Hiacynthe, Mazurka"—Walter Macfarren. "Morning song" and "Evening song"—Walter Macfarren. "Serenade"—Walter Macfarren. "Vive la folie, Valse brillante"—M. von Holst. "Cecilia Polka"—J. P. Willey.

EQUITY COURT.

(Before Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood.)

GYE v. GRAZIANI AND SMITH.

An application was made on Thursday morning for an injunction to restrain Signor Graziani from singing for Mr. E. T. Smith, at Drury-lane Theatre, the application being made on behalf of the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. On the part of the defendants, however, time was required to go into further evidence, and, by arrangement, after a few minutes' conversation, the following order was made:—

The plaintiff undertaking to abide by any order which the court might make as to damages, and the defendant, Signor

Graziani, undertaking to do nothing contrary to the 2nd and 3rd paragraphs of the notice of motion; the motion to stand over to the 9th of May upon terms as to the filing of the defendant's affidavits. The 2nd and 3rd paragraphs of the notice of motion to which the above order referred were as follows:—That the defendant, Francisco Graziani, may be restrained by the order and injunction of this Honourable Court from violating or committing any breach of his agreement with the plaintiff; that the defendant, F. Graziani, may, in like manner, be restrained from singing at any theatre or concert in the kingdom of Great Britain, out of the Royal Italian Opera, during the year 1859, without the written permission of the plaintiff, save and except at private and gratis concerts, and, in particular, that he may be restrained from singing at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, during the year 1859, without such written consent as aforesaid.

LE PARON DE PLOERMEL.

(Translated for the *Musical World* from the *Journal des Débats*.)

We have here a very simple little drama, that, beneath the rich musical garb with which the composer has covered it, seems as if it wished to assume the airs of a grand opera. The scene is laid in Brittany. Dinorah, a peasant-girl, wanders about the country, accompanied by a white goat, an object of pity to some and of terror to others, who regard her as a supernatural being. She has been mad for a year. The following are the circumstances under which she lost her senses. She was beloved by a young fellow named Hoël, and was about to marry him, when, in the midst of the marriage ceremony, on the occasion of one of those religious festivals called in Brittany "pardons," a fearful storm burst out. The thunder was seen to strike her hut, and the humble building disappeared in the flames. Struck with terror at this catastrophe, Dinorah was unable to bear up against the grief she experienced almost immediately afterwards, on hearing that her betrothed lover had fled in an inexplicable manner. Now the reason of Hoël's disappearance was this:—Hoël was poor; reduced to despair at not being able to assist Dinorah, now poorer than himself, he had listened to the insinuations of a worthless fellow, Tony the Sorcerer, who pretended he could put him in the way of making a certain fortune. "I know where there is a treasure," the old wretch had said, "an immense treasure, guarded by fairies and *Korigans*, in a secret corner of the Accursed Valley. If you will consent to come and live with me for a year, in a retreat unknown to any one, in the adjacent forest, and if, during the year, you do not see a single human face, you will obtain the necessary power ("don") to second me in my enterprise, and then we can together dig up and share the treasure." The credulous Hoël allowed himself to be persuaded. He started off without saying a word to his friends, his mistress, or his relations, and no one knows what has become of him. A year has elapsed, and then the action of the piece begins.

Dinorah appears, in pursuit of her capricious goat; she fancies she catches it, that she holds it in her arms, and that she rocks it to sleep in her lap. Corentin, the bagpipe-player, now enters, all in a tremble, believing he is pursued by a troop of spirits, *Korigans* and *Kornikaret*s, and, still continuing to play, rushes into his hut. Dinorah follows him. The simpleton is frightened. He takes her for the Lady of the Meads, a terrible female, who compels the young fellows to dance till they die. "Come, come, piper, play, play, blow your pipes!" Corentin obeys. "Again, again, again, without stopping." The poor wretch plays, and likewise dances away, till he falls on the ground, breathless and speechless. Suddenly, there is a violent knocking at the door, and an unknown voice exclaims: "Yvon! Yvon!" Dinorah disappears through the window; the door is burst in, and we behold a tall, handsome, but rather wild-looking young man, enter the place. It is Hoël, Dinorah's old lover. Tony the Sorcerer has just died. In his last moments he has confessed to his accomplice the reason which induced him to acquaint

Hoël with the existence of the treasure, and share it with him: the person who first puts his hand on the stone with which the heap of gold is covered will die within a year. Tony had chosen Hoël as the victim. It is now the turn of the young man to profit by this revelation, and to find an associate who will play for him the part the Sorcerer had destined for Hoël himself. Hoël thinks of old Yvon, Corentin's uncle, who is celebrated for his avarice. He comes to make him the fatal proposition. But Yvon, also, is dead, and it is his nephew Corentin who inhabits the hut. Such being the case, the thing is to cajole Corentin. Despite his habitual cowardice and suspicion, the latter, after having drunk several glasses of a thin white wine, which Hoël fills up for him to the brim, falls into the trap, and consents to follow his guests to the Accursed Valley. It is growing late, and the little bell of the enchanted goat is already heard. This goat is to precede them to the spot where the treasure is concealed, and show them the stone which they have to move.

In the second act, we are in a wood near the Accursed Valley, on the evening before the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. The peasants are all more or less the worse for wine. Dinorah has lost herself in the forest, but the mad, poetic young creature seems delighted at being thus isolated. In the centre of an open space in the forest, she perceives her shadow, which she takes for her betrothed, Hoël, and begins playing gracefully with her impalpable companion. But heavy black clouds cover the sky, and the thunder rolls menacingly. Our two treasure-seekers now make their appearance. Hoël leaves Corentin an instant, to go and explore the neighbourhood of the Valley. During his absence, Corentin hears Dinorah singing, and again takes her for the Lady of the Meads. He listens. The mysterious voice recites an old ballad with which Corentin, when a child, has been rocked to sleep, and in which mention is made of the sacred stones of the Accursed Valley, stones that no one can touch without dying. "Ah! ah!" says the simpleton, suddenly awakening from his simplicity, "that is the reason why he wants to make me raise the stone over the treasure! I have found him out. At present, I understand his generosity!" Hoël, on his return, discovers that his companion is quite another man. Corentin obstinately refuses to play his part in the affair; he would not go near the treasure for an empire. A violent dispute ensues, and, meanwhile, the storm increases. Dinorah, preceded by her white goat, reappears. "Good!" says Corentin to Hoël, "she will pass over the bridge of the Accursed Valley; it is she who will die. Since it is not the Lady of the Meads, but merely a mad girl of your acquaintance, there will be no great harm. Leave her alone." Hoël, however, has recognised his affianced bride; he is about to rush after her, but it is too late. Dinorah has already reached the middle of the bridge, when a violent thunder-clap shivers it, and hurls her into the foaming waters of the torrent below.

At the commencement of the third act, the progress of the drama is momentarily suspended. The weather is again fine, and the sun is rising. A hunter appears, and sings an air and blows a *fanfare*; a reaper and then two shepherds come successively and sing some charming pieces of music. After this, Hoël reappears, bearing in his arms the inanimate body of Dinorah, whom he has snatched from the gulf. She recovers her senses gradually, and recognises her betrothed. "Hoël! it is you! what has happened to me? I seem to have been in a long and painful dream!" "Yes, dear Dinorah, yes, it was a dream," replies Hoël, immediately resolving to keep the young girl in ignorance of the fact that she has so long been deprived of her reason. Moreover, the bells of the village church of Notre Dame d'Auray are pealing forth; the *Pardon* is about to begin; the sacred songs are heard, as they were a year previously, when Hoël was on the point of becoming Dinorah's happy husband. For an instant—during which the maiden, absorbed in her thoughts, does not remark her lover's absence—Hoël runs off to inform the peasants of what has happened, and induce them to assist him in his pious stratagem.

A procession enters, headed with banners, and with the children strewing flowers. Hoël and Dinorah take their places under a canopy, and the ceremony of their marriage is com-

pleted. Abandonment, ruin, so much grief and so much sorrow were but a dream, while the reality is happiness.

Such is the innocent but poetical piece of Breton life, which serves as a pretext for the fine composition of M. Meyerbeer.

A few persons, and very clever ones, too, would have liked to see the great master humble himself, when writing the music to this legend. They would have liked him almost to imitate the style of Grétry, and reconstruct the latter's poor, worm-eaten orchestra, instead of having recourse to so many new forms and touches. I do not know whether a great artist can, in any instance, be reproached for not imitating another, and whether it is not, on the contrary, the first duty and interest of every one to preserve his own individuality, if he possesses any. It is very certain, however, that the exclusive partisans of the style employed by Grétry, in rustic operas, and of his mode of painting rural and simple manners, are the dupes of a delusion similar to that which gave rise to the sacred works of Palestrina.

Even at the present day, a great many persons sincerely believe that the specimens of harmony to be found in Palestrina (for there is nothing else in his productions), are the result of pious inspiration of the most elevated kind; that melody, rhythm, expression, and a great number of modulations are excluded from them, in consequence of a deliberate resolution on the part of the author, who, they think, regarded these various elements of musical art as incompatible with works of a religious character. Unfortunately for the partisans of this opinion, Palestrina has left compositions called profane; we have his *tavolini* (convivial songs), the words of which are far from requiring calm and dreamy music, but which, nevertheless, equally destitute of melody, of rhythmical effects, of pungent modulations, and of joyousness, are simply the exact reflex of his sacred repertory, and, consequently, must appear quite as religious. At that time, there were no other musical elements; Palestrina was not capable, and, without doubt, could not be capable of writing any other kind of music. Nothing is more evident. His masses do not resemble, it is true, like many modern masses, the music of a wineshop, but his drinking songs so much resemble his masses, that they might be mistaken for the latter.

In the same way, it would have been nearly impossible for Grétry to shake off the *naïveté* and almost invariably rustic turn of his style. He did not restrict himself to writing *Aucassin et Nicolette*, *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, *Gil-Galathée Tell*, &c.; he even ventured on lyric tragedy, in proof of which we may mention his score of *Andromaque*, known only to the grubbers among old libraries. In this composition, however, the style of the vocal music is as little heroic, while the orchestra is quite as rustic as in *La Rosière de Salency*, and the cothurnus of the characters resembles very much a *sabot*. I shall, therefore, take the liberty to congratulate M. Meyerbeer on not having given us, in *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, an imitation of Grétry, but on having, with great art, reproduced nature, and formed a delicious orchestra, so dissimilar to the orchestra of a ——— village.

The overture of his new opera is a vast descriptive symphony, in which the aim of the author has been to reproduce musically the scenes anterior to the plot about to be unfolded. It is, in the first instance, a chirping of the muted violins, conveying an exact idea of the choruses sung by the birds under the foliage, at the break of a fine day. This is succeeded by an *allegro*, the theme of which, full of originality and regularly developed, is intertwined with a chorus executed behind the curtain—the religious chorus, "Gloire à Marie," of the *Pardon* of Ploërmel. The storm bursts forth in the orchestra; in its rare lulls, we remark, also, the pious song of the Breton peasants, while, lastly, a grand and energetic phrase, flung through the harmonious combination of the flashes and *tremulo* of the string instruments, constitutes the noble peroration of this piece. The hearer is deeply moved by all these contrasts, and by the powerful inspiration which animates this grand symphonic composition.

What matters the observation of fretful critics, so eager to say: "This is not an overture!" It is easy to finish the sentence for them, and remark: "This is not an overture—like other

overtures." No. Is it not allowable to essay another form? Such a course is not prohibited, probably, but many are prohibited from success when attempting it. It is in this point particularly that M. Meyerbeer is acting contrary to regulation.

Let us mention here, at once, that he has introduced into the orchestra of the Opéra-Comique a few instruments to complete the family of flutes, hautboys, and clarinets. Thus, in addition to the unusual talent with which he always varies the colouring of his instrumental groups, the author has displayed that of employing suitably in this work, four flutes, two large and two small, an English horn (cor Anglais), with the two hautboys, a bass clarinet, and two soprano clarinets. As to the brass instruments, he has neither added to nor changed them, and their employment with the other instruments is always managed with incomparable address and moderation. Having said thus much, let us examine the treasures contained in this casket of musical jewels.

The chorus, "Quel jour radieux," sung at the rising of the curtain, has, for its theme, a phrase redolent of freshness by its very simplicity. An episode for six female voices, with responses from the chorus, and accompanied by a *pizzicato* on the violins, brings back very gracefully the principal subject, from which it has, for an instant, diverted our attention.

The air sung by Dinorah, who thinks she is nursing her goat, "Dors, petite," is adorably coaxing. Nothing, moreover, can be more delicate than the violins, trembling in the highest notes of their first strings, at the words, "Petits oiseaux, Ne troublez pas son doux repos." The couplets of the bag-piper called forth bursts of laughter by their absurd termination. This comic effect, reminding us somewhat of that of the air, "Du grand cousin," in *Le Déserteur* ("Tous les hommes sont bons"), is produced by the double passage of the major mode to the minor, and of the minor to the major. The middle of this curious song is composed of phrases of three measures, which gives it a peculiar rhythmical physiognomy. This form, despite the celebrated example of it which Weber has given us in Caspar's song in *Der Freischütz*, is but little employed. A great many naive persons still say: "That it is not square!" (*carré*). It is not, and the measure in three times is not square either, yet you employ it.

An ingenious caprice of the learned contrapuntist has here suggested a canon in unison, in imitations half a measure from each other, between a clarinet, representing the bagpipes of Corentin, and the voice of the mad girl, who repeats every trait, every combination, every *arpeggio*, like an echo. These are charming bits of musical playfulness. In the *ensemble* of the following duet, in which Corentin's part, sketched in syllabic recitation, forms a most pungent contrast to the part assigned to Dinorah, we remark a novel and charming effect produced by low notes on the flutes placed beneath a high *tremolo* of the violins.

The air, "O, puissante magie," with its low ritornello, is fine, and the verse, "L'âme en proie à mille tourments," is dashed in with a dramatic accent of great truth. The *allegro*, "De l'or, de l'or!" is well impressed with the stamp of the avarice implied. After a pleasing and graceful *cantabile*, the coda, "Oui, me voilà plus riche qu'un roi!" terminates admirably, and the grand vocalised trait, which displays most advantageously the flexibility of Faure's voice, could not be better placed.

This air is succeeded by a duet, the sinister theme of which is accompanied in unison, and in the orchestra, by the trombones and double-basses. Corentin then repeats, at the distance of one *tempo*, each note of Hoël's part, as Antonio does in the duettino of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, "Un bandeau couvre les yeux." This was encored. In the *finale*, sung by the three characters, the valour of Corentin, flashing through his ineptitude, the gentle gaiety of the poor mad girl, still running after her goat, and the sombre energy of Hoël, are marvellously expressed.

In the second act the audience applauded, at the very outset, a charming chorus of peasants:—

"Qu'il est bon, qu'il est bon,
Le vin du bonhomme Yvon!"

where the graceful theme of the women is accompanied by the nasal strains of the men. This is called *singing with one's mouth shut* (*chanter à bouche fermée*). Everyone was struck by the Gothic and melancholy character of the theme of Dinorah's ballad: "Le vieux sorcier de la montagne," and with the curious mixture of the sounds of the hautboys and clarinets in the pipe (chalumeau), which accompanies it.

The waltz: "Ombre légère," sung by Dinorah, in pursuit of her shadow, was rapturously received. It is graceful, but, in my opinion, may be charged with a want of novelty. Listen, now, to the strain with which the overture has familiarised us: "Gloire à Marie!" how beautifully it is impressed with that simple and pious character we expect to find in a canticle of Breton peasants! But does it not possess, in addition to this, an elegance which doubles its charm? How well, too, the harmonic notes of the harp, imitating the distant bells, are mingled with it! and still more, the dull threatenings of the storm! In the comic air of Corentin: "Ah! que j'ai froid!" the musician had to express the terror of his comic character. This theme has often been proposed to the composers of comic operas; M. Meyerbeer has treated it in a new way. The chromatic descending scale of the vocal part, towards the end of the couplet, renders, in a peculiarly admirable manner, the shivering of the frozen coward.

In the duet, "Quand l'heure sonnera," there is a ritornello, which becomes the principal theme of the piece, interposing between the vocal portions, serving as a melodic link to them, and reappearing, every instant, more pungently and unexpectedly. The melody is, moreover, in itself, exquisitely fresh. But the master-piece of this second act, and, perhaps, of the whole score, is the trio, "Pauvre victime!" where the song of the poor mad girl, careless of the danger of which she is ignorant, mingles with the cries of anguish uttered by Hoël, who recognises too late his affianced bride; with the chuckling of Corentin, delighted at seeing the wretched girl proceeding, instead of himself, to death; with the roar of the tempest; and with the continually increasing noise of the storm-beaten forest, and the waters of the torrent. Such a piece of music cannot be analysed in a few lines; it is dramatic and striking. What does the audience care about knowing the means employed by the composer? I will merely remark that, despite the extreme loudness of the orchestra in this scene, M. Meyerbeer has never fallen into merely coarse, insipid noise. This is a shoal greatly to be dreaded in such cases, and very few musicians indeed have had the skill to avoid it.

The episodical scene, with which the third act opens, contains three pleasing pieces and a short quartet. First of all a hunter appears and sings a song accompanied by a *fanfare*, of the most pungent originality, for five horns, and which, admirably executed by Barrielle, who possesses such a finely-toned bass voice, was honored with an encore. This is succeeded by some tenor couplets. A young reaper sings while whetting his scythe. Then comes a duettino for two sopranos, while, finally, the four voices combine and sing a prayer, paraphrased from the "Pater-noster." It is said that M. Meyerbeer, dissatisfied with this quartet, is going to replace it by another prayer, composed by him on a Breton theme which some unknown person has lately forwarded him from Quimperlé.

When the action recommences, Hoël, standing near the bank, on which he has placed Dinorah, sings two touching couplets. In the duet following these, the audience warmly applauded the theme—so full of tenderness—the conclusion being repeated by the maiden as she is recovering her reason, but they applauded still more the beautiful phrase, "Vois là-bas ces murs blancs," as well as the coda, so full of passionate exultation. I admire very much the ingenious mode in which the canticle of the *Pardon* is re-introduced. The words "Gloire à Marie" are placed under two notes only, the dominant and major-sixth. Dinorah, however, while endeavouring to collect her thoughts, cannot instantly hit on the exact form of the phrase, and so she makes a mistake and sings the minor sixth. When the distant chorus, resuming the correct theme, gives out the major-sixth, and thus rectifies the error committed by Dinorah, the hearer experiences a feeling of gentle satisfaction simi-

lar to that with which the young girl's heart overflows, when she finds herself, after her painful dream, engaged in the celebration of her marriage. This is one of the most happy combinations, both dramatically and musically speaking, with which I am acquainted. The emotion caused by the exclamation of the chorus: "Oui, ce n'était qu'un rêve" is very lively and sweet at the same time, while the last repetition of the theme: "Gloire à Marie" terminates in a poetically calm and solemn manner this splendid score.

Such is the great success of the day. Everything contributes to it: the vocal and instrumental execution is the best, in my opinion, ever obtained at the Opéra-Comique. A veritable transformation has taken place in the talent of Mad. Cabel. To her great skill in vocalisation, she now adds qualities of style, of which, it must be confessed, she has hitherto been destitute. She has renounced the detestable habit of puffing out each note, and isolating it from those next to it, a habit which formerly used to reduce musicians to despair. Mad. Cabel then sang like an accordion; she now sings like an intelligent, feeling woman, full of grace, and guided by good sense and good taste. Moreover, she possesses a rare, a most rare gift, a supreme quality, without which all the other gifts Nature may have lavished on a singer, lose their value; a quality to which we must bend the knee. She sings in tune. She played the part of the young girl, mad through love, in an original and graceful manner, without exaggeration or hazardous gestures. Faure sings admirably the part of Hoël, so skilfully written for his fine baritone voice. He employs only once, I think, the head voice, when holding the high B; even his highest notes, such as G natural and G sharp, are always given from the chest, in a remarkably beautiful manner. To a large amount of art, he unites a natural, true feeling, which imparts great power and emotion to his singing. As for Sainte-Foy, he is the comic actor *par excellence*, the most intrepid of cowards, the most intelligent of simpletons, but being, at bottom, a consummate musician, he sings, likewise, his part irreproachably, from a purely musical point of view, and so as to satisfy all the demands of the composer. The chorus is much better, in this work, than usual. The orchestra, under the direction, so precise and so animated, of M. Tilmant, deserved the highest praise, both for the extreme delicacy of the various lights and shadows in the accompaniments, as well as for the *virtuosity* of its execution, and a rhythmical precision truly remarkable. The little bell in F sharp, however, which imitates in the orchestra the bell of the goat, is struck too forcibly; the note does not seem to proceed from a distant point, and the illusion, consequently, ceases to exist for the ear.

Shall I say anything about the *mise-en-scène*, the way the thunder is managed, the broken bridge, the white goat, the opened sluice, and the cascade of real water? No, no, I will not. Go and see all these things.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

JOSEPH JOACHIM AT BRUSSELS.

(Translated for the *Musical World*)

CONCERTS DE L'ASSOCIATION.—HERR JOACHIM.—Happy were those who were able to penetrate, on Saturday, into the Salle de la Grande Harmonie. They spent an evening they will always remember; they experienced feelings of the most lively and complete delight that the divine art of music can cause those who have the felicity to love it. The Association was desirous of concluding with *éclat* its series of concerts. Having previously secured the co-operation of the most skilful *virtuosi* in the country, it was not quite sure what course it could pursue to offer fresh material for the satisfaction of public curiosity. It hit upon the notion of summoning to its aid a great foreign artist: Herr Joachim. The young and celebrated German violinist eagerly responded to the fraternal appeal. On the appointed day, and at the appointed hour, he arrived from Hanover, where he resides; thus keeping, with scrupulous punctuality, his disinterested engagement. The hall was crowded, for great interest was excited by the appearance of a new star on our musical horizon. We will pass over the first pieces in the programme, to return to them afterwards, and come at once

to Beethoven's concerto, which formed, even before it was played, the subject of general attention. Before paying its homage to the talent it was ere long to be enabled to appreciate, the audience discharged a debt of politeness, by saluting, with a long salvo of applause, Herr Joachim, directly he took possession of the platform: silence was then established, and the orchestra played the *tutti* of the concerto.

If we are asked what are the qualities of the *virtuoso* which Herr Joachim possesses, we answer, without hesitation: *all*. What about his weak points, though? We have not discovered them, although we had decided on judging the talent of the German violinist without undue favour, or an exclusive intention of admiring him. The tone Herr Joachim obtains from the instrument is of the most beautiful quality, pure, soft, and possessing that absolute correctness which, to speak the truth, is so rare, and which completely satisfies the ear. One violinist excels in the skill of his left hand; another, by the magical dexterity with which he "bows." Herr Joachim possesses both these qualities developed in an equal degree, and it may safely be affirmed that, for him, mechanical difficulty has no existence. For variety in his "bowing," as well as for that of the effects of sonority depending on the manner of attacking the string, he is incomparable. What people admire in Herr Joachim, is not so much the unvarying perfection of his play, and the marvellous facility with which he solves the most complicated problems of mechanism, as the deep feeling which animates him, and the knowledge he possesses of musical colouring. The sounds which vibrate under his eloquent bow are not notes; they are the words of a language—of a most rich and most expressive language; each one has a peculiar accent; each one has a sense in keeping with the thoughts of the master whose interpreter it is. If Beethoven were still living, and heard Herr Joachim execute his concerto, he would, we feel certain, exclaim, "That is, indeed, my work; that is what I wanted to express!"

There is one thing in Herr Joachim above all praise, and that is the complete absence of that charlatanism of which the most famous *virtuosi* have a certain dose. He does not seek the means of mere display, and does not have recourse to the plans usually employed to wring applause from the public. All other violinists think it is not possible to be expressive, or to achieve success, for it is success which most engages their attention, except by anticipating and retarding alternately the measure, and carrying the vibration of the string almost to trembling, by an oscillation of the finger. Herr Joachim possesses in his rhythm the precision of a metronometer; he produces the sound with his bow, as a good singer does with his voice, without imparting to it the intensity of a factitious vibration, and yet no one touches or moves us more profoundly. His broad and powerful play, grand from its simplicity, seizes on the hearer so irresistibly, that it would be impossible for the latter to be inattentive, supposing he wished to be so. During the whole time occupied by the performance of Beethoven's concerto, in which Herr Joachim displayed miracles of sentiment and mechanical skill, the two thousand persons assembled to hear him were no longer their own masters; they were subjected to a kind of fascination. Never, as far as we know, did an artist command so imperiously the attention of his audience.

Does the reader desire a proof of the conscientiousness which distinguishes Herr Joachim from other *virtuosi*? He shall have it. Herr Joachim once introduced into the *point d'orgue* of Beethoven's concerto a cadence terminated by a *trait en octave*, which caused an extraordinary effect. People spoke only of this cadence; it was the event of the evening wherever he played. This success wounded his feelings of artistic probity; he considered it unbecoming that people should be more taken up with the skill of the executant than with the beauties of the music, and the cadence was suppressed. Should we find many other violinists who would do as much?

The second piece played, the same evening, by Herr Joachim, was Tartini's *Sonate du Diable*, so called by its author from the fact of his composing it after a dream, in which Satan appeared provided with a violin, and regaled him with an air in

his own style, and of which Tartini endeavoured to recollect the principal features when he awoke. Herr Joachim played the *Sonate du Diable* like a god. We give up, as hopeless, all endeavour to convey a notion of the enthusiasm which burst forth among the audience after each of the pieces executed by Herr Joachim. We do not remember ever having seen any other artist applauded with such transport. The violinist thus received in the native land of De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, Léonard, etc., has a right to be proud of his success.

The day after the concert, a piece of good fortune happened to us. We were invited to hear Herr Joachim at a private party. We felt pleased at being able to subject our first impressions to the control of a second proof, and at assuring ourselves we had not yielded too easily to the charm of new talent. Herr Joachim did not spare himself; he performed in a quartet by Beethoven, and in a sonata by the same master, with M. Dupont for partner; he then played a *chaconne* and a fugue by Bach. His hearers found him a greater artist than on the previous evening—more powerful, more varied, more complete. All those who were privileged to be present at this interesting meeting retired penetrated with impressions which will with difficulty be effaced from their memory. Herr Joachim is eight-and-twenty. Born in Hungary, he began his musical studies in Vienna, and terminated them at Leipsic, under the direction of that excellent violinist and composer, Herr David. He is, at the present time, director of the Court Concerts, Hanover.

X. X.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—

R On Tuesday next, April 23, will be performed (for the first time since 1851) Rossini's opera, *LA GAZZA LADRA*. Ninetta, Madlo, Lotti (her first appearance in that character); Lucia, Madame Tagliafico; Pippo, Madlo, Didier, Podesta, Signor Ronconi; Fernando, Signor Debassini; Fabio, Signor Tagliafico; Isacco, Signor Luceschi; Giorgio, Signor Polonini; Antonio, Signor Rossi; and Giannetto, Signor Gardoni. Conductor, Mr. COSTA. To commence at half-past Eight. Pit tickets, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Boxes, stalls, and pit tickets to be had at the box-office of the theatre (under the portico), and at the principal music-sellers and librarians.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—

Lessee and Director, Mr. E. T. SMITH.

The Lessee and Director has the honour to announce to the nobility, gentry, subscribers, and public, that the SEASON will COMMENCE on Monday, April 23, on which occasion will be produced Bellini's grand opera *LA SONNAMBULA*. Amila, Madlo, Victoire Bafle; Conte Rodolfo (on this occasion), Signor Badali; Isisa, Madlo; Elena; Teresa, Madame Heinrich; Il Notore, Signor Bellini; Alessio, Signor Castelli; and Elvino, Signor Mongini. After the opera, the National Anthem. Musical Director and Conductor, M. BENEDICT. To conclude with a divertissement, entitled *ARIADNE*. The ballet by Mr. Potit; the music by Adolphe Adam. Madlo, Stefania, Madlo, Corilla, Madlo, Morlacchi, Madlo. Mathei, Madlo, Pasquale, Madlo. Marquita, Madlo, Rosa, Madlo. Amila Roschetti, and the Corp de Ballet. Notwithstanding the vast outlay that is involved in engagements and arrangements, the Lessee and Director is so thoroughly convinced that he will be liberally and heartily supported by the public in his endeavour to make a first-class Italian opera accessible to all that he has determined that the old Royal playhouse prices shall be restored, viz., dress circle 7s.; second circle and amphitheatre, 5s.; pit, 3s. 6d.; lower gallery, 2s.; upper gallery, 1s.; stalls, 10s. 6d. For terms of subscription for the season, private boxes, stalls, box, pit, and gallery tickets, application to be made to Mr. Chatterton, at the box-office of the establishment, which is open from 11 until 6. The superintendence of the front of the house will be under the management of Mr. Nugent, late of Her Majesty's Theatre. New stalls have been furnished by Mr. Swindell, of Aldersgate-street. The decorations by Mr. Hurwitz. The new chandeliers by Messrs. Defries, Houndsditch. The property by Mr. Needham. The machinery, &c., by Mr. Tucker. Costumiers, Mr. S. May (Bow-street), Mr. Palmer, Miss Dickenson, &c. Doors open at half-past 7, and commence at 8 o'clock. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Roxby. For the convenience of patrons, an entrance to the stalls and private boxes has been made through the grand entrance hall.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Last Weeks of Mr. CHARLES KEAN'S Management.

ON EASTER MONDAY, April 25th, and during the week, will be presented Shakspere's historical play of *HENRY THE FIFTH*, commencing at 7 o'clock. King Henry, Mr. C. Kean; Chorus, Mrs. C. Kean.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Those great artistes, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, will appear every evening during the Easter Holidays in three pieces. Production of a Grand Easter Spectacle, with entire New Scenery, Machinery, Properties, and Dresses. On Easter Monday, and every evening during the week, the performances will commence with a Grand Legendary Drama, in two acts, entitled *THE FAIRY CIRCLE; OR, CON. O'CAROLAN'S DREAM*. Con. O'Carolan, Mr. Barney Williams; Molosse, Mrs. Barney Williams. After which, Stirling Coyne's new Farce of *LATEST FROM NEW YORK*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams will introduce their Irish Jig and Yankee Songs. To be followed by the screaming Farce of *OUR GAL* (with Songs), Mrs. Barney Williams. The whole to conclude with a Dance. No advance in the prices.

BIRTHS.

On the 9th inst., at Buchan-hill, near Crawley, Sussex, Mrs. John Jervis Broadwood, of a son.

On the 10th inst., at Cranley-place, Onslow-square, Mrs. E. Pauer, of a daughter.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23RD, 1859.

THE propriety of selecting the *Dettingen "Te Deum"* for the second performance of the Handel Commemoration at the Crystal Palace is now universally acknowledged. When the subject was first mooted, it was regretted that one of the great oratorios of Handel should not be given, as at the preliminary Commemoration in 1857. Further consideration, however, has led to the conclusion that the *Dettingen "Te Deum"* would be preferable to anything else. The celebration will be still more complete with its Song of Triumph and Praise, and the *"Te Deum Laudamus"* is not only a jubilant *"Hallelujah,"* but the most magnificent Hymn belonging to the Christian Church. From another point of view, the *Dettingen "Te Deum"* was to be commended. Its broad masses of harmony and simplicity of treatment adapted it, perhaps better than any other composition of its class, for so unprecedented a phalanx of vocal and instrumental performers. The enlargement of the orchestra could in no wise militate against its success—a consideration of much importance. Many may object that the solo singers will have few opportunities for display. True, Handel, when he composed his Hymn of Praise, was not thinking how he might please tenors and sopranos; nor, when the question is to do honour to Handel's memory, should it be the aim of those who direct proceedings to take into account the individual self-esteem of artists, however renowned. In all probability, the soloists will be at an extra disadvantage this year, on account of the increased numbers of band and chorus, unless the addition of the screen to the back of the orchestra helps them as materially as it is pretty sure to help the mass. Moreover, the "principals" will have occasion enough, and more than enough, to exhibit their quality in the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. All such considerations apart, however, we entertain little doubt, that the *Dettingen "Te Deum"* will share the laurels of the Festival with the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*.

An opportunity of judging of the effect of the choruses was afforded at the fifth rehearsal of the Metropolitan Contingent of the Handel Commemoration, at Exeter Hall, on Friday in last week, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The London division now consists of nearly sixteen hundred voices, and every one present felt satisfied that the *Dettingen "Te Deum"* would produce an immense sensation at the Crystal Palace.

We may allude in this place to the additions and modifications about to be made in the orchestra. The band will be increased by thirty-two violins, ten violas, ten violoncellos, and ten double basses, making in all three hundred and sixty-two players on stringed instruments. The wood instruments are to be augmented to five sets of players; the brass to remain, as in 1857, only three sets, it having been found that they were quite powerful enough on that occasion. The chorus will be still more numerously reinforced, but the precise numbers cannot be stated, until the alterations in the orchestra are completed. One novelty in the arrangements is worth notice: the *alto* and *soprano*

sections of the choir will be nearly a fifth more numerous in each department than the tenors and basses. The propriety of fortifying these divisions was founded on the experience gained in 1857.

Visitors to the Crystal Palace may now behold, in process of construction, a vast semi-circular wall of boards around the Handel orchestra, to the rear of the gigantic organ, enfolding in its embrace the whole amphitheatre of seats, that rise above one another "in gay theatric row." This is the sounding-board—the largest, doubtless, ever known. As sound has a tendency to ascend no less than to travel in horizontal lines, to prevent its escape above, which would obviate all the benefit to be derived from its confinement below, a roof is about to be erected to pass over the top of the organ, and extend some distance in advance of the orchestra. All these contrivances are progressing under the superintendence of Mr. Bowley, the General Manager, whose name is a guarantee for their being carried out promptly and with efficiency.

The demand for tickets has, we understand, surpassed calculation. To meet the convenience of the public, additional stalls will be provided in eligible situations in the gallery, and on raised seats on the site of the present Italian Opera orchestra. So far everything promises well for the approaching centenary Commemoration, which will doubtless be recorded as one of the great musical events of the nineteenth century.

LONDON is proclaimed to be the healthiest capital in Europe. It is also said to be the most cleanly. We are not so well learned in statistics, nor so deeply versed in the chronicles and testimonies of Boards of Health and Registrars General as to be enabled to dispute the former proposition. The latter, we fancy, will hardly be universally accepted. If London be the cleanest capital in Europe, however, all we have to say is, we pity all the other chief cities. No doubt London is well drained, well watered, and well swept—the last two frequently to the utter inconvenience of the inhabitants—but can any amount of drainage, watering, and sweeping make amends for the abominable smoke nuisance? Can any care and pains expended in scouring and purifying the streets make the atmosphere clear, or keep the pavement white? No—coal, when heated, will necessarily smoke, smoke will necessarily ascend, and the soot contained in the smoke will as inevitably fall. This is the great grievance of the metropolis—it is inundated by the "blacks."

A nuisance somewhat similar in complexion, and no less grievous and intolerable, is involved in the continuous influx for years of sable musicians from America. They infest our promenades and our concert-halls like a colony of beetles. If we avoid their presence in street or music-room, their names and designations stare us out of countenance from dead walls, boardings, lamp-posts, and the interior of omnibuses. If we read the advertising columns in the journals, our eye is arrested by a long list of musical performances to be given, after the most approved fashion, by these ebony artists from the regions of the sun. Even Epsom and Hampton are not sacred from their influence. The great Derby race is run amid a salvo of bones and banjos, and the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes are contested to the accompaniment of "Dandy Jim from Caroline," or "My old massa tol' me so."

There must be something wonderfully attractive to a cer-

tain section of the public in nigger melodies or nigger minstrels to account for this, unless we suppose that modern taste is entirely depraved. So many of these fellows would not travel such a distance from their native country if they were not sure to meet with encouragement, and if those who preceded them had not returned home with well-lined purses. That the populace have a liking for nigger entertainments is beyond all question, since at no former period were there so many black *troupes* in London, who are all making money. Chief of these are the famous "Christy's Minstrels," who have earned a high reputation in their own country, and who won such applause in England as to induce a speculative manager to engage them recently for a series of performances in the French capital, with so much success indeed as to make M. Calzado himself exclaim with a woe-begone countenance—"Would that Mr. Mitchell would exchange his 'blacks' for my 'whites.'" If all the "Minstrels," in talent, conduct, and respectability, were like "Christy's," we should have little to find fault with, although still much to complain of. What we want to know is, of what utility are the minstrels or their performances, and how it is that they have been allowed to swell into such importance? Now that they have lost their novelty, in what can their attraction consist? The nigger melodies are still pleasing, but the bones and banjos are no longer irresistible. Woolly heads, ruled shirts, and high collars, have long ceased to surprise and delight, and the most violent antics and emphatic contortions of countenance are to be detected only in the lowest grade of the "black art." When an attempt was made to refine on the entertainment, the characteristic was lost. A nigger concert without grimace and copious gesticulation would be simply an ill entertainment. Unfortunately, the refiners soon saw their error, and resumed the demonstrative phase, or we should have got rid of the nigger concerts altogether. The moment they became respectable they would cease to attract. There is no such fortune in store for the public. Three "high class" nigger companies nightly tender their songs and their postures to an admiring British audience. The "Christy's Minstrels" lead the way, followed, *longo intervallo*, by the "Ohio Minstrels," who are succeeded by the "Black Opera Troupe." How many more "rare birds," which might be likened to "black swans"—who, unhappily, never sing their dying songs—are to be met with housed in the metropolis, may be ascertained at the police stations. We take no account of such "cheap blacks."

We should be sorry if the legislature interfered to put down the nuisance. Persecution might only create an undue sympathy, which might make matters infinitely worse. Let us live in hope. "Christy's Minstrels," by their really clever performances, have made that entertaining which otherwise would have provoked laughter only. It is pleasing to know that in the minstrels "life's copy's not eterne," and that some day or other their light must be dimmed. When they have departed, the "Black Opera" and the "Black Concert" will cease to live. People will grow friendly, and no longer quarrel about black and white, and nigger-tunes will be appreciated without any reference to the colour of their interpreters. Let the "sable professors," therefore, "frolic while 'tis May." Let the foolish be amused, and the weakly be excited. Those who cannot understand may yet have their ears tickled, and the senseless and devoid of judgment may be moved to mirthfulness by uncouth voices and extravagant gestures.

As Irish eels get used to skinning, so has the London public become inured to that tyrannical law which suspends dramatic performances during the week immediately before Easter, while every mountebank is allowed to retail his buffooneries at pleasure in any of the numerous saloons and halls, wherein our metropolis abounds. The preference shown to the "entertainment" in all its various forms, from the refined and intellectual exhibition of Mrs. T. G. Reed, down to the coarse humour of the proprietor of dancing-dogs, was submitted to with grumbling content by the theatrical managers, who consoled themselves with the fallacious belief, that oppressive absurdity had gone the length of its tether, and could go no further.

But this week we find the lane a little longer than was supposed, and yet we have no turning. Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed being at perfect liberty to give their entertainment during the so-called "Passion Week," at any of the halls licensed by magistrates for "music and dancing," thought that the stage of the Olympic Theatre would be well fitted for their purpose. They engaged the house accordingly, and published their advertisements, when the performance was suddenly prevented by a letter from the Chamberlain's office, interdicting, at the Olympic Theatre, an entertainment that might have been given with impunity, at the "Gallery of Illustration."

A crying injustice is thus committed against Mr. and Mrs. Reed; but how much more serious is the wrong inflicted on the managers of the theatre, who are pronounced by the autocrat of public amusements to be in a worse position than the keeper of any musical pot-house in London? Messrs. Robson and Emden are not only obliged to suspend their theatrical operations, in the midst of the successful "run" of Mr. Oxenford's *Porter's Knot*, and immediately after they have brought out a new comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor, but they are not allowed to reduce their loss by letting their premises for an entertainment which, if given elsewhere, is considered in perfect accordance with the sanctity of the week.

When are we to get rid of that accursed Whig invention, the control of a despotic censor over public amusements? If the people of England are no more than babies, surely an infant is as safe without leading-strings altogether, as with leading-strings that compel every one who holds them to feel like a fool.

We are threatened with another shoal of "virtuosi" from the west, sou' west, and sou' west-by-west coasts of Europe. *Il s'est les mal-venus*—that is, in the majority of instances. For the "virtuoso-proper," who only pretends to "virtuosity," and disdains to take liberties with the "classics," we entertain a profound respect; but with the "virtuoso" who slips into his portfolio, already crammed with fantasia, a sonata of Beethoven, a fugue of Bach, a septet of Hummel, and a *Stück* of Weber, in order that when he arrives in England he may exhibit himself occasionally in the "STYLE LOURD," we profess no sympathy. The thing is a sham, and he knows it. One "lion-virtuoso" is reported to have said, that his mission was "*a war of extermination* against the old masters," whose works served well enough, he allowed, until Time had made them mouldy, and the advance of taste, combined with the progress of art, rendered them unfit for further use. "Très bien"—replied Ivan Ivan Ivanoff Ivanovski (a noted connoisseur)—"Va pour le

neuf—mais que cela vaille mieux que l'ancien." And Ivan Ivanoff Ivanovski spoke to the purpose. Yet the very self-same "lion-virtuoso" assumed a classic and severe countenance in this country, patronising Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and occasionally even Mozart.

But the candid, free-hearted "virtuoso," whose resources are within himself, and who has no hesitation in relying upon them exclusively for reputation and fortune, who respects the great masters without intruding upon them, who has a marked individuality which is in itself a charm, and by perseverance and unremitting labour has attained the furthest limits of "virtuosity," the highest perfection of "virtuositously" execution, who never ventures within the intricate meshes of old Bach's web, or attempts to soar into the skies with Beethoven, is not merely entitled to tolerance, but may honorably look for encouragement and applause. This is the "virtuoso," who, not ashamed of uncovertly avowing his profession, is most likely to adorn it. Happily such a "virtuoso"—first of the shoal with which we have said we are menaced—is already landed on our shores. Those who have seen him, heard him, and are acquainted with his talent, will at once name the pianist to the Emperor of Austria—Léopold de Meyer.

Léopold de Meyer was in London in the year of the Great Exhibition (1851), but has not appeared before an English public since 1845, when he created a sensation which is still remembered. He will not play, for our edification, either a *fugue*, a *sonata*, or a *concerto*; but he will play some of his own recent compositions, and, if our information be correct, with a talent even more incomparable for elegance and finish than before. *Il est le bien-venu.*

CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Last Monday's Popular Concert was devoted to Mendelssohn by general desire, it being the great composer's second "night" in the classical series. The selection was first-rate, and included, for the stringed *morceaux*, the grand quartet in E minor, No. 2, Op. 44, and the ottet, in E flat, Op. 20. The other instruments were the andante with variations, in B flat, for two performers on the pianoforte; and three of the *Lieder ohne Worte*. The quartet had for executants M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti. It was played on the whole well (although every movement suffered from being taken too slow). Each movement was received with tumultuous applause. The ottet was a more satisfactory performance, and indeed left nothing to be desired. The players were M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, Mr. Carrodus, Herr Goffrie, Herr Schreurs, Mr. Doyle, M. Daubert, and Sig. Piatti. The *Allegro con fuoco* was exactly suited to M. Wieniawski's impetuous style, which was never displayed to greater advantage. The whole performance was a treat of the highest order. How many who listened to this magnificent work for the first time could have suspected that it was the work of a boy of fifteen? And yet such was the case. Perhaps the history of the art cannot furnish a parallel instance of such precocity of intellect.

The "Andante with Variations," introduced (like the whole programme, in short) for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, was first performed in public by Mendelssohn himself, with Professor (then Mr.) Sterndale Bennett, at a concert given by the latter, in the Hanover-square Rooms, in June, 1844. The executants on Monday night were Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper. The *Lieder ohne Worte* were No. 1, Book 7, *Andante espressivo*, in F major; No. 5, Book 4 (*Volkstreu*), *Allegro con fuoco*, in A minor; and No. 6, Book 6, *Allegretto non troppo*, in E major. Mr. Lindsay Sloper performed the three—the first and last more especially—with that finished taste and elegance of style which are conspicuous in his playing. All were received with loud applause.

The vocal selection could with difficulty be improved. It led off with the charming song, "The garland," written by Thomas Moore to the same verses employed by Horsley in the popular glee, "By Celia's Arbour." That Mendelssohn's is by far the most beautiful melody cannot be denied. Mr. Wilby Cooper gave "The garland" with genuine sentiment and becoming expression. Miss Marian Moss and Miss Dolby followed with the two-part song, "Autumn song" and acquitted themselves admirably. The exquisitely melodious and plaintive "Song of night"—"Vergangen ist der lichte Tag"—perfectly sung by Miss Dolby (may we be allowed, *par parenthèse*, to make an exception to the forcible enunciating of the last few notes?), obtained a rapturous encore. The expressive four-part song, "When the west with ev'ning glows"—sung by Misses Marian Moss and Dolby, Messrs. Wilby Cooper and Santley—was also redemanded. The sweet voice and unpretending style of Miss Theresa Jefferys—perhaps the most promising soprano amongst our young singers—won a third encore in the song of "Zuleika," another gem. The quaint and pretty "Savoyard's Song" (*Paganized*), by Miss Dolby, the "Shepherd's Lay," by Mr. Santley, and the four-part song, "Season of Pleasure," by the quartet, we must pass over with strong commendation of the performance in each particular instance. The last terminated the concert.

The hall was well filled, but not as crowded as on the first Mendelssohn night. No doubt Holy Week prevented many from attending; and it is a question whether the directors acted wisely in giving concerts at all.

The Mendelssohn night was succeeded, on Tuesday, by the first of the miscellaneous concerts, the great attraction of which was the first appearance at St. James's Hall of Mr. Sims Reeves since his long indisposition. That he had recovered the entire command of his voice was most satisfactorily demonstrated in the "grand scena," as it is called, from *Oberon*, "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight." This song is not a *chef-d'œuvre*, and, except on the stage, with all the adjuncts of action, scenery, and orchestral accompaniments, does not repay the pains and trouble expended on it by the singer. How different as a composition, and how different in effect from the really "grand scena" from *Der Freischütz*, "Thro' the forest, thro' the meadow." Mr. Sims Reeves, nevertheless, roused the audience to enthusiasm, and an encore was persisted in so long, that the artist was fain to come forward. His second song, "In vain I would forget thee," by Mr. Henry Smart, was encored even more unanimously, and after some delay the encore was accepted, Mr. Reeves substituting Mr. Frank Mori's ballad, "Rose of the morn." M. Wieniawski having lost a leaf, unexpectedly introduced the *Carnaval de Venise*, which disappointed no admirer of pure "virtuosity;" M. Charles Hallé executed two *morceaux*, by Stephen Heller and Chopin, and the two united in a brilliant duet for piano and violin. The English Glee and madrigal Union contributed some of the most favourite pieces from their repertory, the best of which was Webbe's catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms;" Miss Poole sang "Juanita," obtaining an encore; Miss Mahlah Homer sang the magnificent air from the *Clementina di Tito*, "Non più di fiori," and the Scotch ballad, "There's nae luck about the house;" Miss Dolby gave Mr. Balfe's "Day-break;" and, to conclude, M. Wieniawski joined Herr Engel on the harmonium, and Mr. Benedict on the pianoforte, in M. Gounod's so-called "Méditation sur le Prélude de Bach."

At the concert on Wednesday, besides M. Charles Hallé and Sig. Piatti, Mad. Fauré, the highly talented *cantatrice*, from the Opéra-Comique, at St. James's Theatre, appeared (for the first time in a London concert-room) and executed two brilliant pieces, in the last of which—variations on the *Carnaval*—she was rapturously encored. Moreover, there was the first appearance, at St. James's Hall, of Miss Clari Fraser, whose *début* was eminently successful; and, to crown all, Mr. Charles Hallé and Signor Piatti executed in their most finished manner, Mendelssohn's "Tema con variazioni;" for piano and violoncello. Mad. Fauré's vocalisation is almost as wonderful in its way as M. Wieniawski's fiddling. In Hérod's "Carnaval," indeed, she rivalled the Polish violinist in the ac-

complishment of difficulties, which many would denominate "impossible." The range of Mad. Fauré's voice is quite exceptional. Miss Clari Fraser pleased without an effort. She sang Mr. Wallace's "Why do I weep for thee?" with so much feeling, and in such sweet and plaintive tones as to win a truly genuine encore. Her second song, "She never told her love," displayed to no less advantage her voice and style.

Miss Poole was encored in a ballad by "Eric Baker," and Mr. Santley received a similar compliment in an "Outlaw's song" by the same composer. Miss Ransford, who sang in her best manner, "Come, live with me," met with liberal applause at the end, and gave "Love rules the palace," with equal success. Nor must we (it being holiday time) omit the "Power of love," by Miss Marian Moss, from the category of "triumphs." The English Glee and Madrigal Union supplied their customary quota of ancient and modern compositions, the most admired of which, Bishop's quintet, "Blow, gentle gales," and Webbe's fine catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms," brought the concert to a termination.

The Concert of Sacred Music, given by Mr. Benedict on Thursday, was highly interesting. Anthems by Farrant, Purcell, Dr. Croft, Goss, Dr. Greene, and Mendelssohn, were sung by a chorus of male voices, "eighteen gentlemen and twelve boys," selected from the choirs of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Temple Church, and St. George's Chapel at Windsor, under the direction of Mr. John Foster. Of these, while all were well sung, some only were of high merit. Mendelssohn's anthem, "Judge me, O God," was not only the best beyond all comparison, but produced the greatest effect, and was the only one encored. The execution of this was admirable. Farrant's anthem, "Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake," after Mendelssohn's, was most liked, and was also exceedingly well sung. We cannot equally commend Dr. Croft's "Sing praises to the Lord." Goss's anthem, "If we believe that Jesus died" written expressly for the funeral service of the Duke of Wellington was a capital performance, and was loudly applauded. The vocal solos comprised, "If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*, and "In native worth," from the *Creation*, by Mr. Sims Reeves—than which more expressive and more perfect singing could not be heard; "What though I trace," from *Solomon*, and "O rest in the Lord," by Miss Dolby, sung in her most admirable manner; "Angels ever bright and fair," and "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," from the *Messiah*, by Miss Poole; "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains," from *Joshua*, by Mr. Santley; and Handel's "Come let us worship," by Mr. Wilby Cooper. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in both his songs but consented to repeat the first only. Miss Dolby repeated the song from *Solomon*, by general desire. Without in the least detracting from the devotional character of the selection—so sacred is the influence of good music—Mr. Benedict interspersed the programme with two pianoforte sonatas by Beethoven and a sonata for pianoforte and violin by Mozart. Beethoven's sonatas were op. 26 and op. 27, No. 1, arbitrarily denominated the *Moonlight*. In such hands as Mr. Charles Hallé's these two well-known and most exquisite works could not fail to make a deep impression. Mozart's sonata, one of the most melodious and tender the composer ever wrote, was entrusted to M. Sington and Mr. Benedict, who played it admirably.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The feature at the last Saturday concert, was the first appearance of M. Wieniawski, who played Mendelssohn's concerto, and a fantasia by Paganini. The band, under the direction of Mr. Manns, executed Beethoven's symphony in D, No. 2, and the overtures to *Iphigenia* (Gluck) and *Rosamunda* (Schubert). Madame Enderssohn was the vocalist. Yesterday, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was performed, with Madame Anna Bishop as the soprano; Mr. Wilby Cooper, tenor; Miss Palmer, contralto, and Mr. Thomas, bass. To-day will be performed, Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Spohr's overture to *Macbeth*, Mr. Macfarren's overture to *Hamlet*, and a selection of songs, duets, glees, &c., the words taken from the works of Shakspere, the music by various composers, being in commemoration of the anniversary of Shakspere's death.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Hullah gave Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and, as is always the case when that masterpiece is performed, the room was crowded by an audience fully alive to its marvellous beauties. Mad. Rudersdorff sustained the first soprano part, and her exertions were received with marked favour; especially after the air, "Hear ye, Israel," which opens the second part. Mr. Santley gave the music of the Prophet with a breadth and vigour, combined with a solemnity befitting the personage, which was worthy all praise, and well merited the applause awarded. Miss Palmer achieved another and legitimate triumph in the *contralto* music, the air of Jezebel, "Woe unto them," being declaimed in a style alike energetic and artistic. Nor was a less marked effect produced by this improving singer in the lovely air, "O rest in the Lord," so totally opposite in character to the one just quoted. The persistent calls for an encore rendered it quite impossible to proceed, although Mr. Hullah judiciously resisted the attempt until vanquished by the noise of a section of the audience more enthusiastic than discriminating, who also insisted upon the unaccompanied trio of angels, "Lift thine eyes," being repeated, although the effect of the succeeding chorus, "He watching over Israel," was spoilt thereby. Mr. Wilby Cooper sang the airs, "If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous," with conscientious fidelity and careful execution, and gave evident satisfaction in all the music allotted to him. Miss Rowland, Miss Bradshaw, Mr. W. Evans, and Mr. Barnby did efficient service in the subordinate (but not unimportant) parts, although the double quartet, "For he shall give his angels charge," went but indifferently, as is frequently the case. The choruses by the members of the "First Upper Singing Class," were for the most part highly effective, although occasionally open to criticism. The same remark might also apply to the band. Nevertheless, regarded as a whole, the performance was creditable to all concerned, and that it gave satisfaction to the audience was evident from the frequent and hearty applause—Exeter Hall etiquette not holding good in Long-acre.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The second concert of this new Society took place on Monday afternoon, at the Hanover-square Rooms. Some of the best specimens of Italian and English madrigals and glees were capitally sung. The vocalists were the Misses Spiller, Eyles, Wells; Messrs. Lawler, Land, Cumming, and Young. As at the first concert, Mr. Oliphant, the talented Secretary to the Madrigal Society, delivered some interesting observations on the various compositions that were sung. They were listened to with evident pleasure by a distinguished audience.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—At the seventh concert (Monday evening), there was the following interesting programme:—

PART I.—Selection from a Biblical cantata, entitled "Judith"—including Introduction and Fugue; Larghetto, "Night and Day-break;" Solo, "Tell me now," Mr. Santley; Quartet, "Fret not thyself;" Miss Rose, Miss Leffler, Mr. W. Millais, and Mr. Santley; March of the Jewish Guard; Recit. and Air, "The Lord preserveth all them that love Him," Miss Rose; Allegro Marziale—Henry Leslie.

PART II.—Overture, (Semiramide)—Rossini. Song, "If lov'd by thee," Miss Leffler-Wallace. Solo for the Saxophone, (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), Mr. Val. Morris—Dokizetti. Duetto, "Mira la bianca luna," Miss Rose and Mr. W. Millais—Rossini. Overture (*Preciosa*)—Weber. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The selection from *Judith* was remarkably well performed, and heard with the utmost satisfaction. The overture of Rossini was not by any means one of the most brilliant achievements of the amateur players. The rest of the concert went well.

MR. GEORGE TEDDER gave his annual concert at St. Martin's Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was of the monster kind, and comprised between thirty and forty pieces. There were seventeen vocalists, eight instrumental solo-players, the band of the Coldstream Guards, and five conductors. Almost every other *morceau* was encored, and the audience were evidently determined to make a night of it. When we left at eleven o'clock the second part had just commenced, and, judging from what had already taken place, if every item in the programme was given, the concert would terminate about half-past

two. Mr. George Tedder has a large circle of friends and admirers, all of whom, according to the crowded state of the hall, gathered round him on Monday night. Of course, he must best be acquainted with their desires and their likings. If they required such a surfeit as he gave them at his last concert, they must be veritable gourmands. On benefit nights, allowance should be made for a little extra display. If, however, Mr. George Tedder could continue to please his friends and conciliate the public at the same time it would be so much the better for himself.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Rossini's *Gaza Ladra* will be produced on Tuesday next, the first time since 1851, with Madlle. Loti as Ninetta—her first appearance here in that character. The other principal parts will be distributed as follows:—the Podestà, Signor Ronconi; Fernando, Signor de Bassini; Pippo, Madame Nautier-Didiée; and Giannetto, Signor Gardoni.

DRURY LANE ROYAL ITALIAN THEATRE.—The season opens on Monday with *La Sonnambula*, and a divertissement, by M. Pettit, called *Ariadne*, the music by M. Adolphe Adam. The principal characters in the opera will be sustained by Mademoiselle Victoire Balfe, Signor Mongini, and Signor Badiali. Mademoiselle Enrichetta Weiser, Signors Mongini and Giuglini have arrived, and Mademoiselle Guarducci is expected hourly. Mademoiselle Titiens is reported *en route* for London and will arrive in the course of the week. On Tuesday *La Favorita* will introduce Mademoiselle Guarducci, of whom the Neapolitan journals speak so favourably, in the character of Leonora, and Signor Giuglini will assume the part of Ferrando, in which he made his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre.

PROVINCIAL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from DUBLIN as follows:—The operatic series given by Mr. Willert Beale's Company terminated on Saturday evening last. A more successful series of performances has never been presented to the Dublin public. It included two works never before heard in this city—one, Verdi's *Macbeth*, for the first time in Her Majesty's dominions. This opera, of the now only successful composer for the Italian stage, was produced with so much care and attention to all its parts, that it demands more than passing comment. We have always considered Verdi unhappy in his choice of subjects for the lyric drama. Shakspere's *Macbeth* is certainly not a favourable story to be illustrated by the loveliest of the arts. Though it affords many incidents capable of musical treatment, yet, as a whole, the *libretto*, which is an almost faithful translation of the original text, failed to make an opera book sufficiently attractive. The composer has treated it with much judgment and skill, and with dramatic intelligence of no mean order. The choruses are large and sombre, and the instrumentation throughout vigorous, sonorous, and at times fanciful. The *recitative* is well wrought and expressive, in keeping with the business of the scene, and the finale to the first act, and the entire of the banquet music very impressive. The incantation is heavy, though well designed—and were it not for the chorus, where the hero lies in a trance with the aerial symphony, in which the harps are so admirably introduced—it would fail to command the attention of an audience. The fact is, that for want of pervading melody, elegantly contrived concerted pieces, and those delicious fragments of tune that haunt the listener for days, *Macbeth* cannot become popular. That it was a success there can be no gainsaying. But this was, in a great manner, owing to the excellent stage arrangements, and mainly to Madame Viardot's inimitable impersonation of Lady Macbeth. Such an embodiment of the character has not been witnessed during our time. Precious with the instincts of reality, and tempered with that rare moderation that is only given to the genuine artist, it places the gifted lady first amongst the greatest actresses in Europe; while her singing throughout manifested the highest cultivation, and was a vocal achievement almost unequalled. Signor Graziani sustained the arduous part of Macbeth with much ability, rendering the music as, we believe, no other baritone could render it; and Signor Corsi's Macduff deserves mention, this gentleman having had an encore in "Ah la paterno mano," the only thing called for a second time in the opera. That *Macbeth* had a fair trial in Dublin with every stage and artistic requirement is a fact, and that the general impression is, that notwithstanding its many merits, it is heavy and long drawn out, is equally certain, and so we shall leave it for a London judgment. It was curious to observe with what cheerfulness Flotow's pretty opera, *Martha*, was received after the ponderous work of Verdi.

Here all is tuneful, agreeable, and vocal, and, if not music of a high order, certainly wrought with that skill, or lucky in that secret charm that takes the general public—though they cannot tell why or wherefore. Madame Grisi played Lady Henrietta; Madame Viardot, Nancy; and Signori Mario and Graziani, Lionel and Plunket—a better cast could not be had, and the opera was received, for four representations, with acclamation. The other operas given were *Lucrèzia*, *Norma*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Don Giovanni*, the principal characters in which were severally sustained by Mad. Grisi, Mad. Viardot, Signori Mario, Graziani, Lanzoni, Corsi, &c. The band and chorus did much credit to the leader, Mr. Levey, and the whole was under the direction of Signor Arditto. There were also two Morning Concerts given. Altogether a more complete company could scarcely have been procured. Mr. Willert Beale richly deserves the success that rewarded his efforts, and, we trust, will frequently bring an opera party here—as the public have now a confidence in him, that must always insure an adequate return for his enterprise; while he has a coadjutor in Mr. Harris, whose antecedents are sufficient guarantee for efficiency in the scenic and other departments.

From MANCHESTER a correspondent writes: "One of the full-dress concerts took place at the Concert Hall, on Friday evening week, before a numerous and fashionable audience, five-sixths of which were ladies, the very pick of the far-famed 'Lancashire Witches.' The artists engaged were Mad. Catharine Hayes, Miss Merci (a promising singer resident in Manchester, and a protégée of Mr. Hallé), Herr Reichardt, and M. Wieniawski. The orchestral selections included the overture to *Masaniello*, *Les Deux Journées*, and *Cosi fan Tutti*, and Spohr's brilliant polacca from *Faust*. Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor, introduced Herr Wieniawski, who also played Paganini's 'Di tanti palpiti,' in the second part. The warmest meed of praise is due to Mr. Hallé, Mr. Seymour, and the band."

"On the Saturday following," adds our correspondent—"the Manchester public, as is often their wont, displayed a degree of liberality towards a most deserving artist, which we should like to see imitated more frequently by our *soi-disant* patrons of art. During the past winter, Mr. Hallé gave twenty grand orchestral concerts in the Free Trade Hall, with a net profit of half-a-crown, and the public, shamed at such a result, determined to give the accomplished musician a complimentary concert at the Free Trade Hall, Mesdames Louisa Vining, Catherine Hayes, Merci, and Herr Reichardt, as well as the band and chorus offering their gratuitous services, while a committee of gentlemen undertook the management of the business details. The concert took place in the Free Trade Hall and was a complete triumph. The entire body of the hall was filled by the occupants of reserved seats at 5s., and every other part of the building was densely crowded, the receipts (about £350) being handed over to Mr. Hallé."

The *Manchester Examiner* says:—"Further to do honour to the occasion, Mr. Henry Robberds stepped forward in the course of the evening, and presented to Mr. Hallé, on behalf of the choir, a hand-gold some ivory baton, and an address engrossed and illuminated on vellum, compliments which he duly acknowledged, and which the audience warmly applauded. The Choral Fantasy of Beethoven, in which Mr. Hallé took the pianoforte, could not fail to delight any audience, learned in the art or otherwise; and in the execution of some *Lieder ohne Worte*, of Mendelssohn, and a *Nocturne* of Chopin, the talented pianist gave evidence of his musical gifts. The concert (although there were but a couple of encores) was unfortunately too long, causing many to leave the room some time before the conclusion, among whom we must confess to be numbered, for 'trains' are inexorable, and shriek out their denial even to the gentle-voiced Apollo. In conclusion, let us observe, that this acknowledgment of the value of art in a community which has so long been estimated by the outside world solely for its commercial character, its industry, and its wealth, is a good sign of the times, and may help to encourage the rising generation who have still the battle to fight."

THE re-opening of St. George's organ, at BARNSLEY, which has been silent for some months, in consequence of considerable improvements made in it, took place on Thursday last, under the presidency of Mr. J. H. Frobisher, organist of the parish church, Halifax, on which occasion there was a full choral service. Mrs. Sunderland and Miss Freeman, with Mr. Brook, from the York Cathedral, gave vocal assistance. The Ven. Charles Musgrave, D.D., Archdeacon of Craven, preached morning and evening to large congregations, the Rev. R. E. Roberts, the incumbent, reading the prayers. The collections, notwithstanding the great fall of snow in the evening, were upwards of £32. The organ is considered to be one of the finest in the town, and the congregation were much pleased with it, and with R. Carter, Esq., and other gentlemen, who enabled the improvements to be carried out.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent, April 20).—Donizetti's *Les Martyrs*, under the Italian title of *Poliuto* (at the Royal Italian opera it was called *I Martiri*), has been produced at the Italiens with undeniable success, thanks, in a great measure, to Tamberlik's splendid singing and fine acting. Madame Penco, too, is heard to decided advantage in Paolina, although the character is of too severe a cast for her sympathies, if not too exacting for her physical means. The heroine of Pierre Corneille's tragedy, indeed, demands all the power and tragic instincts of Grisi. When *Les Martyrs* was first produced at the Grand-Opéra, in 1840, the three principal parts were assigned to Madame Dorus-Gras, MM. Duprez and Massol. The lady was out of her element, and the opera obtained but a questionable success. Strange to say, no one referred the partial failure to Madame Dorus-Gras's histrionic incompetence. Pauline was one of Rachel's sublimest impersonations, and is only suited to an artist with high tragic powers. Madame Jullienne-Dejean attempted the part at Covent Garden, and exhibited a great deal of energy, but was far from the *beau idéal* of Donizetti's Paolina. The music of *Poliuto* was composed expressly for the great French tenor, Adolphe Nourrit, who himself selected the subject of the *libretto*; but, after it had been rehearsed at the San Carlo, Naples, for which theatre it was intended, the Government forbade the performance. Nourrit never played the part, nor lived to witness the immense effect created in it by his celebrated rival, Duprez. Tamberlik, by all accounts, is the nearest approach to the great French tenor. I heard him the first night at the Italiens. He sang splendidly, and was in his finest voice. *Poliuto* has proved one of the most eminent successes of the season, and the management has cause to lament that it was not brought out sooner. *Athalie* has been revived at the Théâtre-Français, with new choruses, by M. Jules Cohen. In alluding to this work, the Parisian journals seem to have overlooked the fact that Mendelssohn wrote choral music to Racine's *Athalie*. Is this French ignorance, or lack of veneration? Hector Berlioz has written a letter to Tamberlik, apropos of his performance of Manrico in the *Trovatore*, and it has found its way into some of the papers. It is too characteristic not to send it for insertion in the *Musical World*. I transcribe it in the vernacular:—

"Mon cher Tamberlick,—J'ai été si malade ces jours-ci, qui je n'ai pu occuper pour servir la main, vous remercier, vous dire à peu près toutes les émotions que j'ai éprouvées, comme tout votre auditoire, en vous entendant dans le *Trovatore*. Jamais vous ne m'avez paru si véritablement dans la passion, si irrésistible dans la tendresse, si puissant, si grand, en un mot.

"Certes, si vous veniez, à tort ou à raison, à vous croire près de votre dernière heure, vous auriez le droit (pardon de la comparaison, *Caro imperatore del canto*) de dire comme Nérón: *Qualis artifex pereo!!!*

"Adieu, adieu, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur!

"HECTOR BERLIOZ."

Apropos of Tambérlik, the Emperor sent him a magnificent jewelled snuff-box after singing at a concert in the Tuilleries a few days since. Albom, after singing at Rouen, has gone to Havre. At both places she is an immense favourite. It seems extraordinary that one of the greatest living vocalists—if not the very greatest—should be omitted from the prospectuses of both the London Italian Operas.

VIENNA.—Mr. Swift, the English tenor, has been engaged at the Imperial Theatre, as *primo tenore assoluto*, to replace Signor Bettini. Mademoiselle Fioretta will be the *prima donna*, and Signor Coletti first barytone.

An appeal has lately been made to the musical public of the United States, to aid Dr. Frederick Chrysander and the German Handel Society in bringing out their projected edition of the works of the great author of the *Messiah*. The writer of the article in *Dwight*, on the subject, says: "Can we not prove that we love Handel well enough to aid [the publication of this edition]?"

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

THE life of Mozart, as it is reflected, first as regards his prodigious and prodigiously overtaxed childhood, in the letters of his superstitious and money, no less than art-revering father; secondly, as regards the meteor-like career of the matured genius, in his own correspondence with his friends, his family, his wife, forms a subject of contemplation too deeply interesting to our readers, musical and the rest, that we should need offer any apology for the insertion of the following series of letters carefully translated from various sources, and annotated with a view to complete the body of biographical information they present.

No. 1.

Mozart, Senior, to M. HAGENAUER, a Merchant of Salzburg. Linz, 3rd October, 1762.†*

You have perhaps thought us arrived, when, in fact, we had only reached Linz! To-morrow, with God's permission, we shall resume our journey. We should have been at Vienna by now had we not been kept prisoners at Passau five whole days. This delay, which was owing to the Bishop of Passau, has cost me eighty florins, which I should have touched at Linz had I arrived sooner. I must be content with some forty florins left us from the concert we gave the day before yesterday. Wolfgang obtained the favour of appearing before the Prince Bishop of Passau, from whom he received—one whole ducat!

My children are cheerful, and are quite as much at ease everywhere as if they were at home. The little one is familiar with every body, and especially with the officers, whom he treats at first sight as though he had known them always. The dear children are the subject of general astonishment, especially the boy.

Count Herberstein and Count Schlich, who are in command over the province, want to have our arrival at Vienna preceded by a great hubbub. All prognosticates that our affairs will go on well. God grant us only a continuance of good health, as hitherto. I beg that you will, as soon as possible, have four masses performed for us at Maria-Plani.‡

No. 2.

From the same to the same.

Vienna, October 1762.

We started from Luiz on St. Francis' day, and arrived in the evening at Matthausen. The next day we reached Ips, where two Minorites and a Benedictine, who had been at the waters with us, solemnised mass. Meanwhile, our Woferl flourished it in such fair and proper style upon the organ, that the Franciscan Fathers, who were just sitting down to table with a number of guests, left the refectory and hurried to the choir. They could not recover from their amazement. We passed the night at Stein, and Wednesday we arrived here. We escaped all the annoyances of the custom-house—thanks to my Lord Woferl,|| who, in the twinkling of an eye, had struck up an intimate friendship with the receiver, taught him the piano, played him a minuet on the violin, and hoped he should have the pleasure of seeing him again.

Notwithstanding the abominable weather it is, we have already been to a concert at Count Collalto's; the Countess Sinzendorff took us to the house of Count Wilschegg and to Count Colloredo's, the Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, where we met the ministers and all the grand ladies of Vienna, with whom we conversed. Among others were the Chancellor of Hungary, Count Palffy, the Chancellor of Bohemia, Count Chotsek, and Bishop Esterhazy. The Countess gave herself great pains on our account, and all the ladies are raving about my son. Our fame has already spread to all quarters. Thus I was

* He was the landlord of the house occupied by the Mozart family.

† The whole Mozart family, father, mother, son, and daughter, had set out for Vienna on the 19th of September, 1762. John Chrysostom Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart, born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756, was therefore six years of age; his sister Marie-Anne was born August 29, 1751, and consequently eleven. Leopold Mozart, the father, born December 14, 1719, married November 21, 1743, Anna Berslina, born December 25, 1720.

‡ A celebrated place of pilgrimage, one league from Salzburg.

|| Diminutive for Wolfgang.

at the opera on the 10th when I heard the Archduke Leopold, speaking out of his box to an adjoining, say: There is a little fellow just arrived at Vienna who, I am told, plays admirably the piano, &c. The same day, at 11, I received an order to proceed to Schoenbrunn.* The next day we were put off to the 13th, as the 12th, the festival of St Maximilian, was a gala day, and it was desired to hear the children quite at ease. Everyone is seized with admiration at my little boy, and all agree in finding him possessed of wonderful aptitude. The court expressed a desire to hear him before we sought for a reception. Young Count Palffy, on his way through Linz, heard from the Countess Schlich that we were to give a concert in the evening; by dint of persuasion, she so prevailed upon him, that he left his coach at the door and accompanied the countess to the concert. He was extremely astonished, and directly after his arrival spoke of it to the Archduke Joseph, who related it in turn to the Empress. As soon as it was known we were in Vienna, an order was conveyed to us to appear at court. I should have given you an account of our presentation immediately after, had we not been obliged to go off at once to Schoenbrunn, to the residence of Prince Hildburghausen; and six ducats have prevailed against the pleasure of writing to you directly. Even now I have only time to tell you that their Majesties received us with such extraordinary favour that a minute account would appear fabulous. Woferl jumped on the knees of the Empress, flung his arms about her neck, and devoured her with caresses. We remained with Her Majesty from three to six o'clock, and the Emperor himself came into the next room, to bring me to hear the Infanta play the violin. Yesterday, St. Theresa's day, the Empress sent us her private treasurer, who appeared in grand gala before our door bringing two complete suits for my two children. It is this personage whose charge it is to fetch and conduct us to court. This afternoon they are to go to the two youngest Archduchesses and afterwards to Count Palffy. Yesterday we visited Count Kaunitz, and the day before Countess Kinsky and Count Udefeld.

No. 3.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, October 19, 1762.

I have been sent for to-day to the private treasurer. He received me with the greatest politeness, and asked me, in the Emperor's name, whether I could not remain some time longer in Vienna. I throw myself at the feet of His Majesty, was my reply. Thereupon the treasurer handed me one hundred ducats, adding that His Majesty would soon summon us again.

Do what I will I cannot see how I am to return before Advent. I shall take care to obtain beforehand a prolongation of my leave of absence.‡ For though I should leave hence in a fortnight or three weeks, yet must I travel slowly with these children that they may rest occasionally and not fall ill.

To-day we go to the French Ambassador, and to-morrow to Count Harrach. All these personages have us fetched and brought back in their carriages, accompanied by their servants. We are engaged from five, six days, and a week beforehand, not to be too late. Lately we were at one house from half-past two till four. Thence Count Hardegg had us fetched in his carriage, and brought, full gallop, to a lady's, where we remained until half-past five. Thence we had to go to Count Kaunitz, where we stayed until nearly nine o'clock.

Should you like to know what kind of suit was brought to Woferl? It is of the finest cloth lilac coloured; the waistcoat is in moiré of the same colour; coat and waistcoat trimmed with a double border of gold lace. It had been ordered for the little Archduke Maximilian. Nauerl's dress was made for an archduchess. It is of white taffeta, brocaded with all manner of trimmings.

* Summer residence of the Emperor.

† Francis I, and Maria-Theresa, who had sixteen children, among whom were the Emperor Joseph II. and the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette.

‡ Mozart was in the service of the Prince Bishop of Salzburg, in the capacity of Vice-Capellmeister, violinist, and leader of the orchestra at the Court concerts.

(To be continued).

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When he soars above the dark,
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But be good as thou art fair.
Oh thou lovely, thou benign,
Wert thou mine, Wert thou mine."

"Wert thou mine, Wert thou mine,
In that little heart of thine
I would dwell for evermore
Snugly nestled at the core,
I would fill it day and night
With all beauty, all delight.
Oh thou lovely, thou benign,
Wert thou mine, Wert thou mine."

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